

THE

BAVIAD.

THE  
DAVID

2

THE  
B A V I A D,  
A  
PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION  
OF THE  
FIRST SATIRE  
OF  
P E R S I U S.

*W. Gifford*

Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam,  
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?  
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,  
Hic elegos?

---

L O N D O N:  
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DAVID

A

PHONETIC IMITATION

OF THE

WEST SATH

OF

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P E R S I U S,  
PARAPHRASTICALLY IMITATED.

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*Impunè ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,*  
Hic elegos?

## P E R S. S A T. I.

**O** Curas hominum ! O quantum est in rebus  
inane !

Quis leget hæc ? Min' tu istud ais ? Nemo, her-  
cule. Nemo ?

Vel duo, vel nemo : turpe & miserabile. Quare ?  
Ne mihi Polydamas & Troiades Labeonem  
Prætu-

---

\* Cui non dictus Hylas ? And who has not heard of James Boswell, Esq. ? All the world knows (for all the world has it under his own hand) that this great man composed a BAL-LAD in honour of Mr. Pitt, with very little assistance from Truſler, and less from Mr. Dibdin ; which he produced to the utter confusion of the Foxites, and sung at the Lord Mayor's table. This important "state paper" I have not been able to procure, thanks to the scombri, & quicquid ineptis amicitur chartis ;

Nunc in ovilia—  
Mox in reluctantes dracones.

---

P. **W**HEN I look round on man, and find  
how vain

His passions—

F. Save me from this canting strain !

Why, who will read it ?

P. Say'st thou **THIS** to me ?

F. None, by my life.

P. What, none ? Nay, two or three—

F. No, no ; not one. 'Tis sad : but—

P. Sad, but ! why ?

5

Pity is insult here. I care not, I—

Tho' \* Boswell, of a song and supper vain,

And Bell's whole choir (an ever-jingling train),

In

---

chartis; but the terror and dismay it occasioned amongst the  
enemy, with a variety of other circumstances highly necessary  
to be known, may be gathered from the following letter :

*To the CONDUCTOR of the WORLD.*

SIR,

The wasps of opposition have been very busy with my *State* |

B 2

*Ballad,*

Prætulerint : nugæ. Non, si quid turbida Roma  
Elevet, accedas : examenve improbum in illa

Castiges

*Ballad*, "the GROCER of LONDON," and they are welcome. Pray let them know that I am vain of a hasty composition which has procured me large draughts of that popular applause in which I delight. Let me add, that there was certainly no *servility* on my part ; for I publicly declared in Guildhall, between the *encores*, "that this same Grocer had treated *me* arrogantly and ungratefully ; but that, from his great merit as a Minister, I was compelled to support him."

The time may come, when I shall have a proper opportunity to shew, that, in one instance at least, "the man has wanted wisdom."—Meanwhile, to give my puny antagonists a little more play for their stings, I send you the *bright part* of my character of him, which will appear very well on the first day of the new Parliament :

O thou ! whom wondering we behold,  
In proudest public virtue bold !  
Who, ev'n a stripling, could with ease  
BRITANNIA'S helm intrepid seize !  
Whom now (a thousand storms endur'd)  
'Years of experience have matur'd ;  
For whom, in Glory's race untir'd,  
Th' events of nations have conspir'd !  
For whom, ere many suns revolv'd,  
HOLLAND has crouch'd, and FRANCE dissolv'd ;

In fplay-foot madrigals their pow'rs combine,  
To praise \*Miles Andrews' verfe, and censure  
mine—

IO

No,

And SPAIN, in a DON QUIXOTE fit,  
Has bullied only—to submit.

I am,

The WORLD's very humble Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

The concluding lines, which only want a little grammar, and a little fenfe, to be perfectly intelligible, are thought to have raifed no fmall apprehenfion “of the woe to come” in the breaft of the Minifter. Whether he has yet taken any fteps to deprecate it, is not known: this, however, is certain—that the “puny antagonifts” above mentioned have been awed into fuch filence, refpecting Mr. Boswell, that if it were not for his laudable perfeverance in celebrating himfelf, we could not know fuch a man, much lefs fuch a writer, exifted.

\* This gentleman, who has long been known as an indutrious paragraph-grinder to the morning papers, took it into his head fome time fince to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the ufual requifites for this bufinefs, he laboured to little purpofe; till Dulnefs, whole attention to her children is truly maternal, fuggelted to him that unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might poffibly be fubftituted for harmony, fpirit, tafte, and fenfe.—He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and fucceeded to a miracle. Since that period, every play-wright, from O'Keeffe to Della Crufca, “a heavy declenfion,” has been folicitous to preface his labours with a few lines



Castiges trutina : nec te quæfiveris extra.

Nam Romæ est quis non ? at, si fas dicere : sed fas  
Tunc, cum ad canitiem, & nostrum istud vivere  
triste

Aspexi, & nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,  
Cum sapimus patruos : tunc, tunc. Ignoscite.  
Nolo.

Quid faciam ? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.  
Scribimus

de la façon, to excite and perpetuate the good humour of his audience. As the reader may probably not dislike a short specimen of Mr. Andrews's wonder-working poetry, I have subjoined the following extract from his last and best performance, his prologue to Lorenzo.

“ Feg, cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,  
“ I don't love plays no longer not at all,  
“ They're now so vulgar, and begin so soon,  
“ None but low people dines till afternoon ;  
“ Then they mean summat, and the like o' that,  
“ And its impossible to sit and chat.  
“ Give me the uppero, where folks come so grand in,  
“ And nobody need have no understanding.

“ Ambie

No, not a jot. Let the besotted town  
Bestow as fashion prompts the laurel crown ;  
But do not THOU, who mak'st a fair pretence  
To that best boon of Heaven, COMMON SENSE,  
Resign thy judgment to the rout, and pay 15  
Knee-worship to the idol of the day :  
For all are——

*F.* What ? Speak freely ; let me know.

*P.* O might I ! durst I ! Then——but let it go.  
Yet, when I view the follies that engage  
The full-grown children of this piping age ; 20  
See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep  
O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep ;

See

\* \* \* \*

“ Ambizione ! del tiranno !

“ Piu forte, piu piano, a che fin—

“ Zounds ! here's my warrant, and I will come in.

“ Diavolo ! who comes here to so confound us ?

“ The constables, to take you to the round-house.

“ De round-house ?—Mi !

“ Now comes the dance, the demi caractere,

“ Chacone, the pas de deux, the here, the there ;

“ And last, the chief high-bounding on the loose toe,

“ Or pois'd like any Mercury, &c.”

And this was heard with applause ! And this was read with  
delight ! O shame ! where is thy blush ?

*Pauci ridiculum morantur effugientem ex urbe pudorem.*

Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,  
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus an-  
helet :

Scilicet

---

\* For the *poetic* amours of this lady, see the British Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW; of which, soit dit en passant, I have a most delectable tale to tell, when time shall serve.

† Light o' Love! that's a tune that goes *without a burden*.

SHAKESPEARE,

‡ Lo, Della Crusca!

“ O thou, to whom superior worth's allied,

“ Thy Country's honour, and the Muse's pride—

So

See Cowley \* frisk it to one ding-dong chime,  
And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in  
rhyme ; 24

See Thrall's grey widow with a fatchel roam,  
And bring in pomp laborious nothings home ;  
See Robinson forget her state, and move  
On crutches tow'rd's the grave, to † " Light  
o' Love ;"

I scarce can rule my spleen——

*F.* Forbear, forbear :

And what the great delight in, learn to spare. 30

*P.* It must not, cannot be ; for I was born  
To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn ;  
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,  
And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.

Lo, Della Crusca † ! In his closet pent, 35  
He toils to give the crude conception vent ;

Abortive

So says Laura Maria——

*et solem quis dicere falsum*

*Audeat ?*

Indeed she says a great deal more ; but as I do not understand it, I forbear to lengthen my quotation.

Innumerable Odes, Sonnets, &c. published from time to time in the papers, have justly procured this gentleman the reputation of the first poet of the age : but the performance which called forth the high-sounding panegyric above mentioned, is a philosophical rhapsody on the French Revolution, called the Wreath of Liberty.

Of

Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti,  
Et natalitia tandem cum fardonyche albus,

Sede

---

Of this poem no reader (*provided he can read*) is at this time ignorant : but as there are various opinions concerning it, and as I do not choose perhaps to dispute with a lady of Mrs. R——'s critical abilities, I shall select a few passages from it, and leave the world to judge how truly its author can be said to be

“ gifted with the sacred lyre,  
“ Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts inspire.”

This supernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly distinguished by three very prominent features—1. Downright nonsense. 2. Downright *insipidity*. 3. Downright doggrel.—Of each of these in its turn : and first of the first.

Hang o'er his eye the goffamery tear.

Wreath round her airy harp the tim'rous joy.

A web-work of despair, a mass of woes.

And o'er my lids the scalding tumours roll.

“ TUMOUR, a morbid swelling.” JOHNSON.—An excellent thing to roll over an eye, especially if it happen to be hot and hot, as in the present case.

——summer-tints begemm'd the scene,  
And filky ocean slept in glossy green.

While



Abortive thoughts that right and wrong con-  
found,

Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound ;

False glare, incongruous images, combine ;

And noise and nonsense clatter thro' the line. 40

'Tis

While air's nocturnal ghost, in paly shroud,  
Glances with griev'd glare from cloud to cloud.

And gauzy zephyrs, fluttering o'er the plain,  
On twilight's bosom drop their filmy rain.

Unus instar omnium ! This couplet staggered me. I  
should be loth to be found correcting a madman ; and yet  
mere folly seems unequal to the production of such exquisite  
nonsense.

2do.

——days of old

Their perish'd, proudest, pageantry unfold.

——nothing I descry

But the bare boast of barren heraldry.

——the huntress queen

Showers her shafts of silver o'er the scene.

To these add, moody monarchs, radiant rivers, cooling cata-  
racts, lazy loires (of which, by the bye, there are none), gay  
garonnes, gloomy glafs, mingling murder, dauntless day, let-  
tered lightnings, delicious dilatings, sinking sorrows, rich rea-  
sonings, meliorating mercies, dewy vapours damp that sweep  
the silent swamp ; and a world of others, to be found in the  
compass of half a dozen pages.

3tio.

Sede legens celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur  
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello,

Hic

---

3tio.

In phosphor blaze of genealogic line.

N. B. Written to "the turning of a brazen candlestick."

O better were it ever to be lost

In black negation's sea, than reach the coast.

This couplet may be placed to advantage under the first head.

Should the zeal of parliament be empty words.

—turn to France, and see

Four million men in arms for liberty.

—doom

'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi  
lends,

And thither summons her blue-socking'd  
friends ;

The summons her blue-socking'd friends obey,  
Lur'd by the love of Poetry—and Tea.

The BARD steps forth in birth-day splendour  
drest, 45

His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast ;

His left extending, so that all might see

A roll inscrib'd "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."

So forth he steps, and with complacent air

Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair :

With lemonade he gargles first his throat, 51

Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note :

And

—doom for a breath

A hundred reasoning hecatombs to death.

A hecatomb is a sacrifice of a hundred head of oxen. Where  
did this gentleman hear of their *reasoning* ?

Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate ;

And the most probable event of things—

Euge, magne poeta ! Well may Laura Maria say,

That GENIUS glows in every classic line,

And NATURE dictates—every thing that's thine.

Hic neque more probo videas, neque voce serena  
 Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum  
 Intran, & tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.  
 Tun' vetule auriculis alienis colligis escas?  
 Auriculis quibus & dicas cute perditus ohe!  
 Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, & quæ semel  
 intus

Innata

---

\* Genius or Muse, whoe'er thou art, whose thrill  
 Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,  
 Bids o'er the heart sublime sensation roll,  
 And wakes ecstatic fervour in the soul.

Vide the commencement of the Wreath of Liberty, where  
 our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has con-  
 trived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

And now 'tis silence all—GENIUS OR MUSE\*.

Thus, while the flow'ry subject he pursues,

A wild delirium round th' assembly flies ; 55

Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes ;

Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands ;

And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

O wretched man ! And dost thou toil to  
please,

At this late hour of life †, such ears as these ?

Is thy poor pride contented to receive 61

Such transitory fame as fools can give ?

Fools that, unconscious of the critic's laws,

Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause,

That thou, even thou, who liv'st upon re-  
nown, 65

And with eternal puffs insult'st the town,

Art forc'd at length to check the idiot roar,

And cry " For heaven's sweet sake, no more,  
no more !"

" But

† I learn from Della Crusca's lamentations, that he is de-  
clined into the vale of years ; that the women say to him, as they  
formerly said to Anacreon, Γερων εσ\* and that Love, about two  
years since,

" — tore his name from his bright page,

" And gave it to approaching age."



Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?  
 En pallor, seniumque. O mores! usque adeone  
 Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc, sciat alter?  
 At pulchrum est digito monstrari, & dicier, hic est:  
 Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse  
 Pro nihilo pendes? Ecce inter pocula quærunt

"But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why  
"fraught

"With all the priest and all the sage have  
"taught, 70

"If the huge mass, within my bosom pent,

"Must struggle there, unconscious of a vent?"

THOU learn'd! Alas, for Learning! She is  
sped:

And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd  
thy head, 74

And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone?

And is thy knowledge nothing if not known?

O fool, fool, fool!—But still, thou criest, 'tis  
sweet

To hear "That's HE!" from every one we  
meet;

That's he whom critic Bell declares divine,

For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine; 80

Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to praise,

And Greathead calls the Homer of our days.

F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name  
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of  
fame? 84

P. Nay, it were ev'ry thing, did THAT dispense  
The sober verdict found by taste and sense.

But mark our jury. O'er the flowing bowl,

When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,

C

Ere

Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poemata narrent.  
Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna  
est,

Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,  
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum & plorabile si quid  
Eliquat, & tenero supplantat verba palato.  
Assensere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ  
Felix ? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa ?  
Laudant convivæ nunc non e manibus illis,  
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla,  
Nascentur violæ ? Rides, ait, & nimis uncis  
Naribus indulges : an erit, qui velle recuset  
Os populi meruisse ; et cedro digna locutus,  
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec  
thus ?

Quisquis

---

\* Recounts the wayward fate.—In the INTERVIEW (see the British Album) the lover finding his mistress inexorable, comforts himself, and justifies her, by boasting how well he can play the fool. And never did Don Quixote exhibit half so many extravagant tricks in the Sierra Morena, for the beaux yeux of his Dulcinea, as our distracted amoroso threatens to perform for the no less beautiful Anna Matilda.

“ Yes, I will prove that I deserve my fate,

“ Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate ;

“ Will

Ere FARO comes (a dreary interval !)  
 For some fond, fashionable lay they call. 90  
 Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair,  
 With lisping accent, and affected air,  
 Recounts the wayward fate \* of that poor poet,  
 Who, born for anguish, and dispos'd to shew it,  
 Did yet so awkwardly his means employ, 95  
 That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy.

Loft in amaze at language so divine,  
 The audience hiccup, and exclaim, " Damn'd  
 fine !"

And are not now the author's ashes blest ?  
 Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast ? 100  
 Do not sweet violets now around him bloom ?  
 Laurels now burst spontaneous from his tomb !

F. This is mere mockery ; and (in your ear)  
 Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.  
 Is praise an evil ? Is there to be found 105  
 Aught so indifferent to its soothing sound,  
 As not to wish hereafter to be known,  
 And make a long futurity its own ;  
 Rather than—

P. —With 'Squire Jerningham descend  
 To pastry-cooks and moths, " and there an end !"

---

" With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,  
 " That envying fiends shall think it ecstasy," &c.

Quisquis es, O, modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,  
 Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,  
 Quando hoc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,  
 Laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornea fibra est:  
 Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso  
 Euge tuum, & belle; nam belle hoc, excute totum.  
 Quid non intus habet? Non hic est Ilias Atti  
 Ebria veratro; non si qua elegidia crudi  
 Dictarunt procures; non quidquid denique lectis



O thou that deign'st this homely scene to  
share,

Thou know'st when chance (tho' this indeed be  
rare)

With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,  
Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.  
Not mine the soul that pants not after fame; 115  
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,

I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove  
The grateful influence of the stream I love.

And yet, my friend (though still at praise be-  
flow'd

Mine eye has glisten'd, and my cheek has  
glow'd), 120

Yet, when I prostitute the lyre to gain  
The eulogies that wait each modish strain,  
May the sweet muse my groveling hopes with-  
stand,

And tear the strings indignant from my hand.

Nor think that, while my verse too much I  
prize,

Too much th' applause of fashion I despise;  
For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,  
Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care. 130

Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,  
To Topham's fustian, Colman's flippant trash,

Scribitur in citreis : calidum scis ponere fumen,  
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna :  
Et verum, inquis, amo ; verum mihi dicite de me.  
Qui pote ? vis dicam ? nugaris——

O Jane,

---

\* Merry's frantic whine.—In a most wretched rhapsody of incomprehensible nonsense, addressed by this gentleman to Mrs. Robinson, which she in her *valuable* poems (page 100) calls a charming composition, abounding in lines of exquisite beauty is the following rant :

Conjure up demons from the main,  
Storms upon storms indignant heap,  
Bid ocean howl, and nature weep,  
Till the Creator *blush to see*  
*How horrible his world can be :*

Wh

Miles Andrews' doggrel, Merry's frantic whine \*,  
Cobbe's vapid jest, and Greathead's lumbering  
line?

Skill'd in one useful science at the least, 135  
The great man comes, and spreads a sumptuous  
feast :

Then, when his guests behold the prize at stake,  
And thirst and hunger only are awake,  
My friends, he cries, what do the galleries say,  
And what the boxes, of my last new play? 140  
Speak freely, tell me all—come, be sincere ;  
For truth, you know, is music to my ear.  
They speak? alas, they cannot! But shall I,  
I who receive no bribe, who dare not lye?

While I will GLORY TO BLASPHEME,  
AND MAKE THE JOYS OF HELL MY THEME.

The reader, perhaps, wonders what dreadful event gave birth  
to these fearful imprecations. As far as I can collect, it was—  
the aforesaid Mrs. Robinson's *not opening her eyes* !!! Surely it  
is most devoutly to be wished that these poor creatures would  
recollect, amidst their frigid ravings, and common-place extrava-  
gancies, that excellent maxim of POPE—

“Persist, by nature, reason, taste, unaw'd;  
“But learn, ye DUNCES, not to scorn your God.”

O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinfit,  
 Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,  
 Nec linguæ, quantum fitiat canis Apula, tantæ.  
 Vos, O patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est  
 Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrite fannæ.  
 Quis populi sermo est? quis enim, nisi carmina  
 molli

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve severos  
 Effundat junctura ungues——  
 Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,  
 Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poetæ.  
 Ecce modo heroas sensus afferre videmus

This then—"that worſe was never writ before,  
Nor worſe will be—till thou ſhalt write once  
more." 146

Bleſt be "two-headed Janus !" tho' inclin'd,  
No waggish ſtork can peck at him behind ;  
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,  
Nor the briſk twinkling of an aſs's ear. 150  
But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one poor  
head,

Alas ! what mockeries have not ye to dread !  
Hear now our gueſts :—The critics, Sir ! they  
cry—

Merit like yours the critics may defy. 154  
But this indeed they ſay—"Your varied rhymes,  
At once the boaſt and envy of the times,  
In every page, ſong, ſonnet, what you will,  
Shew boundleſs genius, and unrivall'd ſkill.

If comedy be yours, the ſearching ſtrain  
Gives a ſweet pleaſure, ſo chaſtis'd by pain, 160  
That e'en the guilty at their ſufferings ſmile,  
And bleſs the lancet, tho' they bleed the while.  
If tragedy, th' impaſſion'd numbers flow  
In all the ſad variety of woe,  
With ſuch a liquid lapſe, that they betray 165  
The breaſt unware, and ſteal the ſoul away."

Thus fool'd, the moon-ſtruck tribe, whoſe beſt  
effays

Sunk in acroſtics and in roundelays,

To



Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum  
 Artifices, nec rus saturaum laudare.—Euge, poeta!  
 Est nunc Brisæi quem venosus liber Acci  
 Sunt quos Pacuviusque, & verrucosa moretur  
 Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.

Hos

---

\* Where airy lays, &c.

“ Was it the shuttle of the morn

“ That hung upon the cobweb’d thorn

To loftier labours now pretend a call,  
And bustle in heroics, one and all. 170

E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing,  
Bertie, who lately twitter'd to the string  
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,  
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,  
Where airy lays \*, woven by the hand of morn,  
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn !!! 176

Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms  
rise,

And ask no culture but what Bysche supplies !  
Happier the bards who, write whate'er they will,  
Find gentle readers to admire them still ! 180

Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,  
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose ;  
Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in  
doubt,

And gravely wonder what it is about.  
These fancy "BELL'S POETICS" only sweet, 185  
And intercept his hawkers in the street ;

"Thy airy lay ? Or did it rise,  
"In thousand rich enamell'd dyes,  
"To greet the noon-day fun," &c.

BELL'S ALBUM, vol. ii.

There

---

\* MIT YENDA.—This is Mr. Tim, alias Mr. Timothy Adney, a most pertinacious gentleman, who makes a conspicuous figure in the papers under the ingenious signature above cited; being, as the reader already sees, his own name read backward. “Gentle dulness ever loves a joke!”

Of his prodigious labours I have nothing by me but the following stanza, taken from what he calls his Poor Man :

Reward the bounty of your generous hand,  
Your head each night in comfort shall be *laid*,  
And plenty smile throughout your fertile land,  
While I do hasten to the silent *grave*.

“Good morrow, my worthy masters and mistresses all; and a merry Christmas to you.”

† TONY PASQUIN.—I have too much respect for my reader to affront him with any specimens of this man’s poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond example : at the same time I cannot resist the temptation of presenting him with the following stanzas, written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently illustrative of the character in question :

There, smoking hot, inhale \* MIT YENDA'S  
 strains,  
 And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN'S brains †.  
 Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,  
 And what they do not understand, adore ; 190  
 Buy at vast fums the *trash* of ancient days,  
 And draw on prodigality for praise.  
 These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,  
 Has blest'd them with "*The Boke of gode advice*,"

To Anthony Pasquin, Esq.

Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,  
 The name of *Pasquin* to thy ribbald strains ?  
 Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see  
 Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains ?  
 But thou mistak'st : for know, tho' Pasquin's head  
 Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine ;  
 Yet has the world admiring on it read  
 Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.  
 While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring  
 But impudence and filth ; for out, alas !  
 Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,  
 Within, all brick-dust—and without, all brass.  
 Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page :  
 Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.  
 Some other wouldst thou take ? I dare engage  
 JOHN WILLIAMS, or Tom Fool, will do as well.

For

Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos  
Cum videas, quærisque unde hæc fartago loquendi  
Venerit in linguas ? unde istud dedecus ?——

Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid ? crimina rasis  
Librat in antithetis ; doctas posuisse figuras  
Laudatur ; bellum hoc. Hoc bellum ? An Ro-  
mule ceves ?

Sed

---

\* Lo ! Beaufoy, &c.—“ The feet are *accommodated* with shoes \*, and the head is *protected* by a—woollen nightcap.”

AFRICAN ASSOCIATION, p. 139.

“ From this scene of gladsome contrast, i. e. from the mountain of Zillau (p. 288), whose rugged fides are marked with scanty spots of brushwood, and enriched with stores of water, to the long ascent of the broad rock of Gerdobah (p. 289), from whose inflexible barrenness little is to be got—from this scene, I say, of gladsome contrast to the *inveterate* mountains of Gegogib, &c.”

“ In



For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek, 195  
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are  
plac'd

By thoughtless fashion on the throne of taste,  
Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,  
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose, 200  
This old new language that defiles our page,  
The refuse and the scum of every age?

Lo, Beaufoy \* tells of Afric's barren sand  
In all the flow'ry phrase of fairy land :  
There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks,  
Christians, Jews, 205  
Accommodate, ye gods ! their feet with shoes.  
There meagre shrubs inveterate mountains grace,  
And brushwood breaks the amplitude of space.

" In the long course of a seven-days passage, the traveller is scarcely sensible that a few spots of thin and *meagre* brushwood slightly interrupt the vast expanse of sterility, and diminish the amplitude of desolation ! ! ! "

\* Shoes.—By your leave, master critic, here is a small oversight in your quotation. The gentleman does not say their feet are accommodated with shoes, but with *slippers*. For the rest, *accommodate*, as I learn, is a scholar-like word, and a word of exceeding great propriety. *Accommodate* ! it comes from *accommodo* : that is, when a man's feet are, as they say, accommodated ; or when they are—being—whereby they may be thought to be accommodated : which is an excellent thing.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Perplex'd

Sed numeris decor est, & junctura addita crudis.  
Claudere sic versum didicit Berecynthus Atys,  
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin.

Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefin'd,  
 I blunder on; till wilder'd, giddy, blind, 210  
 Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;  
 And call for Mandeville to ease my head.

Oh for the good old times ! When all was new,  
 And every hour brought prodigies to view,  
 Our fires in unaffected language told 215  
 Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold :  
 Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art,  
 And trusted the plain story to the heart.

Now all is chang'd ! We fume and fret, poor  
 elves !

Less to display our subject, than ourselves : 220  
 Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,  
 Heavens, how we sweat, laboriously absurd !  
 Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,  
 In rattling triads the long sentence bound ;  
 While points with points, with periods periods  
 jar, 225

And the whole work seems one continued war !  
 Is not THIS sad ?

F. " 'Tis pitiful, God knows,  
 " 'Tis wondrous pitiful." E'en take the prose ;  
 But for the poetry—oh that, my friend,  
 I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend. 230

D

You

Sic costam longo subduximus Apennino.

"Arma virum"—nonne hoc spumofum & cortice  
pingui?

Ut

---

\* Haften, &c.—This and the following quotation are taken from the "Laurel of Liberty," a work on which the great author most justly refts his claim to immortality.

† Weston.—This indefatigable gentleman has been attacking the moral character of Pope, in the Gentleman's Magazine, with all the virulence of Gildon, all the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his associates.

What

You praise our fires : but, though they wrote with  
force,

Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction  
coarse ;

We want their *strength* : agreed. But we atone  
For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own.

To instance—" \* Hasten to the lawny vale, 235

" Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,

" And bathes the landscape—"

P. Pshaw ! I have it here :

" A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear,

" Wond'ring I gaze ; when lo ! methought afar,

" More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,

" A godlike form advances."

F. You suppose

241

These lines perhaps too turgid ; what of those ?

" The mighty mother—"

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,

For † Weston's self could find no semblance here.

Weston !

taken  
e great  
attack-  
gazine,  
medley,  
What

What the views of the immaculate John Nichols may be, in  
standing cap in hand, and complacently holding open the  
door of the temple, for near two years, to this " execrable " Ero-  
ratus, I know not. He cannot sure be weak enough to sup-  
pose, an obscure scribbler like this has any charges to bring  
against our great poet, that escaped the vigilant malevolence of  
the Westons of the Dunciad. Or if ever, from the natural  
good-



Ut ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum.  
 Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxa cervice legen-  
 dum?

Torva

---

goodness of his heart, he cherished so laudable a supposition, he ought (whatever it may cost him) to forego it: when, after twenty months, nothing is produced but an exploded accusation taken from the most common edition of the Dunciad; which, as nothing but Westonian rancour could first make, so nothing but Westonian stupidity can now receive.

It has been suggested to me, that this nightman of literature designs to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be so, the dirty work of traducing

Pop

Weston ! who, flunk from truth's imperious light,  
 Swells, like a filthy toad, with secret spite, 246  
 And envying the fair fame he cannot hope,  
 Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.  
 Reptile accurs'd !—O memorable long,  
 If there be force in virtue or in song, 250  
 O injur'd bard ! forgive the grateful strain,  
 That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,  
 With glowing heart yet trembling hand repay  
 For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay :

---

Pope may be previously necessary ; and prejudice itself must own that he has shewn uncommon penetration in the selection of the blind and outrageous mercenary now so laboriously employed in it.

Whatever be the design, the proceedings are by no means inconsistent with a plan of the work which may not inaptly be styled THE CHARNEL-HOUSE OF REPUTATION ; and which, from the days of Lauder to the present, has delighted to disperse every thing venerable amongst us—which accused Swift of lust, and Addison of drunkenness ; which insulted the ashes of Toup while they were yet warm, and gibbeted poor Henderson alive ; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him ; and the moment he fell, gloriously fell, in the exercise of the most sublime virtue, attempted to stigmatize him as a brute and a monster !

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,  
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo  
Baffaris———

Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni

Viveret

---

\* Canst thou, Matilda, &c. (vide Album, vol. ii.)—Matilda  
“nay then, I’ll never trust a madman again.” It was but  
few minutes since that Mr. Merry died for the love of Laura  
Maria, and now is he going to do the same thing for the love  
of Anna Matilda?

What the ladies may say to such a swain, I know not; but  
certainly he is too prone to run wild, die, &c. &c. Such is

So may thy varied verse, from age to age, 255  
Inform the simple, and delight the sage !

While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome  
rhymes,

Stink in the nose of all succeeding times !

Enough. But where (for these, you seem to say,  
Are samples of the high, heroic lay), 260

Where are the soft, the tender strains, that call  
For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd  
drawl ?

Lo ! here——“ \* Canst thou, Matilda, urge my  
fate ?

“ And bid me mourn thee—yes, and mourn too  
late ?

“ O rash, severe decree ! my maddening brain

“ Cannot the ponderous agony sustain ; 266

deed is the combustible nature of this gentleman, that he takes  
fire at every female signature in the papers : and I remember  
that when Olaudo Equiano (who, for a black, is not ill-fea-  
tured) tried his hand at a soft sonnet, and by mistake subscribed  
Olauda, Mr. Merry fell so desperately in love with him, and  
yelled out such syllables of dolour” in consequence of it, that  
“ the pitiful-hearted” negro was frightened at the mischief he  
had done, and transmitted in all haste the following correction  
to the editor——“ For Olauda, please to read Olaudo, the black  
MAN.”

Viveret in nobis ? summa delumbe saliva,  
Hoc natat in labris : et in udo est Mænas &  
Atys ;

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorfos sapit ungues.

Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vera  
Auriculas ? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte

Limina

---

\* Of this spes altera Romæ, this second hope of the age, the following stanzas will afford a sufficient specimen. They are taken from a ballad which Mr. Bell, an admirable judge of these matters, calls a "very mellifluous one ; easy, artless, and unaffected."

*Gently o'er the rising billows  
Softly steals the bird of night,  
Rustling thro' the bending willows;  
Fluttering pinions mark her flight.*

Which



“ But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run,  
 “ And with my mind’s thick gloom obscure the  
 sun.”

Heavens ! if our ancient vigour were not fled,  
 Could VERSE like this be written or be read ? 270  
 VERSE ! that’s the mellow fruit of toil intense,  
 Inspir’d by genius, and inform’d by sense ;  
 This, the abortive progeny of pride  
 And dulness, gentle pair, and still allied ;  
 Begotten without thought, born without pains,  
 The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains. 276

F. So let it be. And yet methinks, my friend,  
 Silence were wise, where satire would not mend,  
 Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,  
 And grate their tender ears with odious truth ?  
 They cherish \* Arno, and his flux of song, 281  
 And hate the man that tells ’em they are wrong.  
 Thy

Whither now in *silence bending*,  
 Ruthless winds *deny thee rest* ;  
 Chilling *night-dews* fast descending  
 Glisten on thy downy breast.  
 Seeking some kind hand to guide thee,  
*Wistful* turns thy *fearful* eye ;  
 Trembling as the willows *bide* thee,  
 Shelter’d from th’ inclement sky.

The

Limina frigescent : sonat hic de nare canina  
 Litera. Per me equidem fuit omnia protinus alba,  
 Nil moror : euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis  
 res.

Hoc juvat : hic, inquis, veto quisquam faxit  
 oletum.

Pinge

---

The story of this poor owl, who was at one and the same time at sea and on land, silent and noisy, sheltered and exposed, is continued through a few more of these "mellifluous" stanzas : which the reader, I doubt not, will readily forgive me for omitting ;

Thy fate already I foresee. My Lord  
 With cold respect will freeze thee from his board;  
 And his Grace cry, "Hence, with your sapient  
 "sneer ! 285

"Hence ! we desire no curriish critic here."

P. Enough. Thank heaven ! my error now I  
 see,

And all shall be divine henceforth for me :

Yes, St. John's doggrel, Greathead's lumbering  
 line,

And Merry's whipt-cream ; all, forsooth, divine !

F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant stricture  
 cease, 291

And \* \* \* \* \* at length enjoy his fool in peace.

P. Come then, around their works a circle  
 draw,

And near it plant the dragons of the law ;

With labels writ, "Critics, far hence remove,

"Nor dare to censure what the great approve."

omitting ; more especially if he takes in the ORACLE, a PAPER  
 honoured (as the grateful editor very properly has it) by the  
 effusions of this "artless" gentleman, above all others.

N. B. On looking again, I find the owl to be a Nightin-  
 gale.—N'importe.

I go.

Pingite duos angues : pueri, facer est locus, extra  
 Mejite ; discedo : secuit Lucilius urbem,  
 Te Lupe, te Muti, & genuinum fregit in illis.  
 Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe?  
 Nusquam.

I go. Yet Hale could lash with noble rage  
 The purblind patron of a former age,  
 And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonneteer  
 That made goose-pinions and white rags so dear.  
 Yet Oldham, in his rude, unpolish'd strain, 301  
 Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain,  
 That bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the  
 town,

Or brib'd the hawkers for a day's renown.  
 Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they  
 wrote, 305

Nor car'd what Mutius of their freedom thought:  
 Yet prose was venial in that happy time,  
 And life had other business than to rhyme.

And may not I—now this pernicious pest,  
 This metromania, creeps thro' every breast; 310  
 Now fools and children void their brains by  
 loads,

And itching grandams spawl lascivious odes;  
 Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a sickly taste,  
 While Burn's pure, healthful nurture runs to  
 waste,

Lick up the spittle of the bed-rid muse, 315

And riot on the sweepings of the stews;

Say, may not I expose—

F. No—'tis unsafe.

Prudence,



Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle:  
 Auriculas asini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego opertum,  
 Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo  
 Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,  
 Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,  
 Aspice & hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.  
 Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure,

Prudence, my friend.

P. What ! not deride, not laugh ?

Well ! thought at least is free—

F. O yet forbear.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a hole, and bury there

The dreadful truth that so alarms thy fears : 321

THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS ASSES  
EARS.

Thou think'st, perhaps, this wayward fancy  
strange ;

So think thou still : yet would not I exchange

The secret humour of this simple hit 325

For all the Albums that were ever writ.

Of this no more. O thou (if yet there be

One bosom from this vile infection free),

Thou that canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,

As the great masters of the song inspire ; 330

Canst hang enamour'd o'er the magic page,

Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage,

While gnomes and sylphs the fierce contention  
share,

And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair ;

Canst quake with horror while Emilia's charms

Against a brother points a brother's arms, 336

And trace the fortune of the varying fray,

While hour on hour flits unperceiv'd away—

Approach : 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign

Not to cast a glance on this incondite strain : 340

Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit,  
 Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus  
 Frege.

\* Edwin's mewlings, &c.—We come now to a character of high respect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring signature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miscarriage of a cock-chaffer, or some other event of equal importance.

His last work was an *Επιταφίον* (blessings on his learning!), which I take for granted means an *Epitaph*, on a mouse that broke her heart: and, as it was a matter of great consequence, he very properly made the introduction as long as the poem itself. Hear how gravely he prologiseth:

*On a tame mouse, which belonged to a lady who saved its life, constantly fed it, and even wept, poor lady! at its approaching death. The mouse's eyes actually dropped out of its head, poor mouse!*  
 THE DAY BEFORE IT DIED.

*Επιταφίον.*

This feeling Mouse, whose heart was warm'd  
 By Pity's purest ray,  
 Because her Mistress dropt a tear,  
 Wept both her eyes away.

Here, if thou find'st one thought but well exprest,  
 One sentence higher finish'd than the rest,  
 Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,  
 And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,  
 I ask no more. But far from me the throng, 345  
 That fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,  
 That Anna's bedlam rant for sense can take,  
 And over \* Edwin's mewlings keep awake ;  
 Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,  
 These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race, 350  
 Their

---

By sympathy depriv'd of light,  
 She one day's darkness tried ;  
 † *The grateful tear no more could flow,*  
 So lik'd it not—and died.

May we, when others weep for us,  
 The debt with int'rest pay—  
 And, when the gen'rous founts are dry,  
 Revert to native clay.

EDWIN.

† EDWIN acknowledges his obligation for part of the thought in this stanza, to the following lines, written on a husband's dying the day after his wife:

“ She first departed—He, for one day, tried  
 “ To live without her—lik'd it not—and died.”

London, Nov. 18, 1790.

E

Fregerit heminas—

His mane edictum, post prandia Calliroën do.

FINIS.



Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,  
And hate the laurel by their followers worn !  
Let such, a task congenial to their powers,  
At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,  
Wile the dull noon away in Christie's fane, 355  
And snore the evening out at Drury-lane ;  
Lull'd by the twang of Bensley's nasal note,  
And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

FINIS.

355  
And the home-croak of Kemble's foggy throat,  
Told by the twang of Bantley's nasal note,  
And more the evening out at Dury-Jane;  
While the dull noon away in Christie's time,  
At fees and questions waste the morning hours,  
Each a talk congenial to their powers,  
And thus the forest of their followers won!  
Their centred and their praise alike I scorn.

FINIS